

CARRIER BOY'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF

THE MARKHAM ECONOMIST!

Of the old year just past away,
 We take a hasty, brief survey,
 And mark the foot-prints of Old Time,
 In this and every other clime.
 Our own Dominion does presage,
 The great event of this fast age,
 A nation born without a throe,
 Or a convulsive pang of woe,
 And upwards, onwards all arise,
 Towards man's highest destinies,
 From a god's brains Minerva sprung,
 So the old poets oft have sung,
 But Jupiter's immortal feat,
 Cannot successfully compete,
 With the Quebec conception great,
 By our divinities of state,
 The first state-doctors of the Earth,
 Assisted at the monstrous birth,
 And none but Brown and Howe find fault,
 With Sir John, Howland, Tupper, Galt,
 Macdougall, Cartier, Tilley, Blair,
 And all the grannies who were there.
 The "Great Onanias" at start,
 Was the first doctor who took part
 Assisting at the incubation,
 Of the new egg of Federation,
 But his ambition soon did scheme,
 To rise to place and power supreme,
 He held with the old Classie school,
 In same Elysium can rule,
 But one god at the self same time,
 And like the giant's war sublime,
 Ossa piled on Pelion high,
 To win the sceptre or to die,
 He threatened death to all his clan,
 Who would not join his Gaelic van,
 But the axe-man soon was fated,
 To be himself "decapitated,"
 And thus the Knight was left alone,
 Sole monarch of a Premier's throne.
 The Eastern section now discloses,
 The cloven-foot of the Blue Noses,
 They scold, they grumble, loudly wail,
 O'er their lost Freedom, fish and kail,
 The tariff scares away their wits,
 And throws them into Blue Nose fits,
 In which they threaten vengeance dire,
 With force of arms and scorching fire,
 But time will all their woes assuage,
 In this or the succeeding age,
 Our interests and our races blend,
 And all our flag and homes defend.
 If now Time's footsteps we retrace,
 Back to the cradle of our race,
 We find John Bull who oft has stood,
 Against the world in fields of blood,
 Shaking with fear, with anger blind,
 Lest his old Island home be mined,
 By Fenians, base traitors dire,
 And Bull and calves be blown higher,
 Than e'er the race by chance ascend,
 Unless spirit with powder blend,
 And thus an impetus be given,
 To send them onwards towards heaven.
 What painter or what poetaster,
 Could touch the scene of the disaster
 The air filled thick with fragments fell,
 Or Egypt's locusts, as at night,
 Obscuring the sun's effulgent light,
 While the inhabitants would fly
 In atoms through the surcharged sky,
 While some perchance yet still alive,
 Howling as through the air they drive,
 A downward plunge beneath the waves,
 Fit resting place for British braves,
 And England's green and fertile shore,
 Upon the map be known no more,
 Rouse up old Bull yourself defend,
 Before you meet this dreadful end,
 And strike each murderous villain down,
 Who dare assail your life and crown,
 You then may rest once more at ease,
 And rule the nation as you please.
 Next the Printer's Devil sings,
 Of one of Atrix's sable kings,

A meaner, blacker, demon fell,
 Ne'er ruled on earth or served in hell,
 The bloody tyrant Theodore,
 Imprisoned Britons three or four,
 Then did the sancy wretch demand,
 As ransom, our Queen's heart and hand,
 Instead of getting thus a bride,
 He'll get a hole in his black hide,
 And his barbarians will feel,
 The force and power of British steel.
 As back we move, we take a glance,
 Of the once great heroic France,
 Their prestige has of late declined,
 In arms if not in force of mind,
 As all their schemes are proving addle,
 From Mexico they did skedaddle,
 As soon as Uncle Sam said start,
 The rank and file at once depart,
 Leave Maximillian to his fate,
 Where the poor dupe soon lost his pate,
 Now all they've left of faith and hope,
 Is to hold up the sinking Pope,
 And liberty destroy at Rome,
 As they have often done at home,
 Old Garibaldi's honored name,
 Is carved high in the lists of Fame,
 And will each Roman heart inspire,
 With Freedom's burning hot desire,
 Till they in spite of Frenchmen's hate,
 Old Rome once more rejuvenate,
 The imp of ink does warily greet
 The brave men struggling hard in Crete,
 Though they be few and poor and weak,
 Their deeds are worthy of the Greek,
 At old Thermopylae's famed pass,
 No deeds of valor do surpass,
 Those on the Isle where heroes die,
 But none are base enough to fly.
 The Prussian arms hold the first place,
 Among the great Germanic race,
 They conquered in one brief campaign,
 And won themselves immortal fame,
 We mount again our old Pegasus,
 Leaving the old world and its phases,
 And homeward cleave the subtle air,
 O'er Jonathan's dominions fair,
 And rest awhile to slightly view
 What is the aspect, what is now,
 And find the "Reb" the "Yank" still hates,
 With vengeance that no time abates,
 Though conquered he is not subdued,
 And lives in one eternal feud,
 While Sambo struts and onward rolls,
 Demanding suffrage at the polls,
 And presses upwards in the race,
 For knowledge, greenbacks, power and place,
 Old Andy Johnson, the stitch louse,
 Mends, fits and cuts at the White House,
 Though busily he plies his trade,
 The rent remains the war has made,
 Like Pluto's hole, it wider grows
 The more he tries the gap to close,
 With taxes the whole nation groan,
 And bitterly the loss bemoan,
 We bid good by to Uncle Sam,
 And tell him to keep cool and calm,
 And not to turn the tailor out,
 Or he will knock their ears about.
 Now home returns the jaded muse,
 To sing of our own local news,
 And into every corner peep,
 While other beings are asleep.
 The first election now is past,
 In the Dominion and the last,
 Where the old savage party cries,
 Will breed disturbance and black eyes,
 As from the altered state of things,
 Which the Confederation brings,
 New issues must again divide,
 The factions fiercer on either side.
 At our late contest it is told,
 Both parties were most badly sold
 They both thought Metcalfe's true position,
 Was surely anti-coalition,
 One howled for "Union and the Crown,"
 The other bawled aloud for "Brown,"

They wrangled, fought, electionered,
 As if the heavens would fall they feared,
 And both in ignorance remained,
 Till the Government sustained,
 Then both with shame, offended pride,
 Try hard their blundering to hide.
 Our schools are still our pride and boast,
 The Grammar School we prize the most,
 Although the Common under Scott,
 And the Miss Doherty must not
 Be thought less worthy or less near,
 Though there the younger minds they rear,
 But both are excellent in kind,
 Where thought is polished and refined,
 And youth well fitted for each station,
 In after life to guide the nation,
 Our compliments to H. H. Hutton,
 May he have plenty beef and mutton,
 And pupils worthy of his skill,
 Enough or more his room to fill.
 Improved the village has not fast,
 During the year just gone and past,
 A grist mill and a house for cheese,
 Add dwellings one or two to these,
 And we have all of enterprise,
 That in our little circle lies.
 Our merchant's shops are all now full,
 Of fabrics, cotton, silk and wool,
 And groceries of every kind,
 To please the palate, cheer the mind,
 "All cheap for cash" the vendors cry,
 "Ho Gents and Ladies come and buy!"
 Those who would not choose to wrangle,
 Must not take to much of "tangle,"
 It eats the stomach, fires the brains,
 And soon of cash and credit drains.
 Of doctors we are well supplied,
 But few are sick and less have died,
 We do not doubt their boasted skill,
 Or wish upon them any ill,
 But hope that none may want the aid
 Of their unpleasant thankless trade.
 But Lawyers two we yet have here,
 And may they not increase this year,
 As the poor Printer's Devil fears
 They soon would have us by the ears,
 And feed and fatten, eat and carve,
 While their poor silly upes might starve,
 For they like shears, as has been seen
 Cut not themselves but what's between.
 The two now here have won a name,
 Of honor high but few can claim;
 The hip to them now blandly bows
 And pledges to keep out of rows,
 Lest he should be the first to draw
 On him the vengeance of the law,—
 On Council Candidates we smile,
 We scarce can count the rank and file,
 They in every part arise
 As usual thick as swarming flies,
 Another party has been found,
 Known by the name of "Underground,"
 Which threatens to swamp all the rest
 With logic "better than the best."
 Two Candidates we now believe
 Are asking to become the Reeve,
 Of equal worth, if not of force,
 So let them fairly walk the course.
 Both good and true, the smaller fry,
 So let them up and do or die,
 And canvass well each nook and hole
 And forward march all to the poll.
 Your pardon, Gents, a little hinting
 That we should like to have your printing,
 Who'er may the successful be
 We puff you honestly and free.
 This is a cold and dreary winter
 So all be sure to pay the printer,
 Or we shall hunger, want and freeze,
 And possibly much worse than these.
 To the fair ladies old and young
 For whom we oft before have sung,
 Your humble Devil does apply
 For something New Year's sweets to buy.
 All our good patrons now we greet,
 And trust we oft again shall meet,
 This day may you enjoy your cheer
 We wish you all a Happy Year.

